

STRANGE HISTORIES:

CONSISTING OF

Ballads and other Poems,

PRINCIPALLY

BY THOMAS DELONEY.

From the Edition of 1607.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

LONDON :

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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THE
HISTORY OF
THE
HINDU
RELIGION

The history of the Hindu religion is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a religion which has existed for many centuries, and which has been the source of many of the most noble and beautiful works of art and literature which the world has ever known. The Hindu religion is a religion of peace and love, and it is a religion which has been the source of many of the most noble and beautiful works of art and literature which the world has ever known. The Hindu religion is a religion of peace and love, and it is a religion which has been the source of many of the most noble and beautiful works of art and literature which the world has ever known.

INTRODUCTION.

ONLY two copies of the ensuing work, with the date of 1607, are known, and one of these is imperfect: our reprint is from the *unique* perfect copy. It has no name on the title-page, but Bishop Percy (Reliques, ii. 160, Edit. 1812) mentions an edition in 1612, under the same title, which purports to have been written "by Thomas Deloney," and there is little doubt that he was the author of the greater part of the volume. He was the writer of a ballad inserted in the earliest work issued by the Percy Society. That ballad was dated in 1586, about which year Deloney became a versifier, and he acquired great popularity before the close of the sixteenth century. In 1596, he was called by Thomas Nash (in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden") "the ballading silk-weaver," and that was most likely his trade, until he took to the unprofitable pursuit of poetry: "poverty (says Burton) is the Muse's patrimony." His "book for the silk-

weavers" is mentioned in a letter to Lord Burghley from Stephen Slany, Lord Mayor of London, dated July 25, 1596, which relates chiefly to a ballad on the dearth of corn, which had given offence (See Mr. Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times," ii. 462). The nature of this ballad is more precisely described in Stow's Survey (B. v. p. 333, Edit. 1720), where it is stated that Deloney "brought in the Queen speaking with her people, dialoguewise, in very fond and undecent sort."

Whether any proceedings were instituted against him in consequence, we are not informed; but we find him continuing to write until the year 1600, when, according to the evidence of Kemp, the actor, at the close of his "Nine Days Wonder," (see the Rev. Mr. Dyce's reprint for the Camden Society, p. 21) Deloney was dead. His "Thomas of Reading," "Jack of Newbury," and "History of the Gentle Craft," all three mentioned by Kemp in the same tract, went through many editions.

The small volume in octavo, reprinted in the following pages, appears to contain a collection of most of Deloney's historical ballads, though not all he had separately printed before his decease. It is very possible that there was a still earlier edition of "Strange Histories" than

that we have made use of, and that it ended with the "Speech between certain Ladies," &c. on Salisbury Plain. How that piece of prose came to be inserted we know not; but it relates to events more than a century older than the period when the volume was published, and is not in any way connected with the immediate subject of the ballad which precedes it. The title-page might be new in 1607, in the same way that the work appears to have been reprinted in 1612 (the edition noticed by Bishop Percy), without any information that the contents had ever appeared before. Deloney's ballad of "Fair Rosamond" was perhaps first added to the collection in 1607, and the copy we supply must be looked upon as the earliest and most authentic impression of that celebrated production: it will be found to differ very materially from that furnished by Bishop Percy. Several other ballads in the ensuing pages have also been inserted in different works of the same class, both ancient and modern, but never in so genuine a shape as they bear in "Strange Histories."

"The Table," which follows the title-page, only applies to the first eight-and-thirty pages, and here, it is probable, one of the earlier impressions of the work ended. William Barley, the stationer for whom the edition of 1607 was printed, probably

did not think the volume large enough, and therefore, continuing the signatures, added twenty-two additional pages, making use of various short poems by other authors, which fell in his way, and which he could use with impunity. Most of these are not of a character accordant with the earlier portion of the volume, and we meet with productions by anonymous writers, as well as with others to which initials are subscribed, and which may be assigned to Thomas Richardson, and Anthony Chute. Richard Johnson's "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," which it is intended to reprint hereafter, is a publication very much of the same kind as that now furnished to the Members of the Percy Society.

STRANGE HISTORIES,

OR,

SONGES AND SONETS, OF KINGS, PRINCES,
DUKES, LORDES, LADYES, KNIGHTS,
AND GENTLEMEN.

Very pleasant either to be read or songe :
and a most excellent warning
for all estates.

Imprinted at London for *W. Barley*, and
are to be sold at his Shop in Gracious
streete against S. Peters Church.

1607.

THE TABLE

PLATE 108

The first of the series of plates is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The second plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The third plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The fourth plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The fifth plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The sixth plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The seventh plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The eighth plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The ninth plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities. The tenth plate is a map of the British Isles, showing the coastlines and the names of the principal towns and cities.

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THE VALUE

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STRANGE HISTORIES.

THE VALIAUNT COURAGE AND POLICIE OF THE KENTISHMEN
WITH LONG TAYLES, WHERBY THEY KEPT THEIR ANCIENT
LAWES AND CUSTOMES, WHICH WILLIAM THE CON-
QUEROR SOUGHT TO TAKE FROM THEM.

CANT. I.

To the tune of Rogero.

WHEN as the Duke of Normandie
with glistring speare and shield,
Had entred into fayre England,
and fo[i]ld his foes in fielde,
On Christmas day in solemne sort,
then was he crowned here
By Albert Archbishop of Yorke,
with many a noble Peere.

Which being done, he changed quite
the custome of this land,
And punisht such as daily sought
his statutes to withstand:
And many cities he subdude,
faire London with the rest;
But Kent did still withstand his force,
which did his lawes detest.

To Dover then he tooke his way
the Castle downe to fling,
Which Arviragus builded there,
the noble Britaine King.
Which when the brave Arch-bishop bold
of Canterburie knew,
The Abbot of S. Austines eke,
with all their gallant crue,

They set themselves in armour bright
these mischiefes to prevent,
With all the yeomen brave and bold
that were in fruitfull Kent.
At Canterburie they did meete
upon a certaine day,
With sword and speare, with bill and bow,
and stopt the Conquerers way.

Let us not live like bondmen poore
to Frenchmen in their pride,
But keepe our auncient libertie,
what chaunce so ere betide:
And rather die in bloudie felde,
in manlike courage prest,
Then to endure the servile yoake
which we so much detest.

Thus did the Kentish Commons crie
unto their leaders still,
And so marcht forth in warlike sort,
and stand on Swanscombe hill;

Where in the woodes they hid themselves
under the shady greene,
Thereby to get them vantage good,
of all their foes unseene.

And for the Conquerors comming there
they privily laide waight,
And thereby sodainely appald
his lofty high conceipt.
For when they spied his approch,
in place as they did stand,
Then marched they to hem him in,
each one a bough in hand.

So that unto the Conquerors sight,
amazed as he stood,
They seemed to be a walking grove,
or els a mooving wood.
The shape of men he could not see,
the boughes did hide them so;
And now his heart for feare did quake
to see a forrest goe.

Before, behind, and on each side
as he did cast his eye,
He spide these woodes with sober pace
approch to him full nye.
But when the Kentishmen had thus
inclosd the Conqueror round,
Most suddenly they drew their swordes,
and threw the boughs to ground.

Their banners they displaide in sight,
their trumpets sounde a charge;
Their ratling drummes strikes up alarme,
their troopes stretch out at large.
The Conquerour with all his traine
were hereat sore agast,
And most in perill when he thought
all perill had beene past.

Unto the Kentishmen he sent
the cause to understand,
For what intent, and for what cause
they took this warre in hand?
To whome they made this short replie,
for liberty wee fight,
And to enjoy K. Edwards lawes,
the which we hold our right.

Then said the dreadfull Conquerour,
you shall have what you will,
Your ancient customes and your lawes,
so that you will be still,
And each thing els that you will crave
with reason at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge mee
chiefe king of faire England.

The Kentishmen agreed hereon,
and laid their armes aside,
And by this means king Edwards lawes
in Kent doth still abide:

And in no place in England else
those customes do remaine,
Which they by manly policie
did they of Duke William gaine.

FINIS.

SALOMONS GOOD HOUSEWIFE, IN THE 31 OF HIS PROVERBES.

HE that a gracious wife doth find,
Whose life puts vertue chiefe in ure,
One of the right good huswife kind,
That man may well himselfe assure,
And boasting say that he hath found
The richest treasure on the ground.

Who so enjoyeth such a love,
Let him resolve with hearts consent,
She ever constantly will prove
A carefull nurse, want to prevent;
With diligence and painefull heed
Preventing tast of beggers need.

And while she lives will still procure,
By true and faithful industrie,
T' increase his wealth, and to insure
His state in all securitie;
To seeke his quiet, worke his ease,
And for a world no way displease.

Her houshold folke from sloth to keepe
Shee will endeavour with good heed;
At worke more wakefull then asleepe,
With place and stufte, which houswives need
 To be employed; her hands also
 The way to worke will others show.

Her wit a common wealth containes
Of needments for her houshold store,
And like a ship her selfe explaines,
That riches brings from forraine shore
 Arriving, with a bounteous hand
 Dispearsing treasure to the land.

Before the day she will arise
To order things, and to provide
What may her family suffice,
That they at labour may abide.
 If she have land, no paine shall want
 To purchase vines, set, sow and plant.

No honest labour shee'le omit
In ought she can attaine unto,
But will endeavour strength and wit
Adding the utmost she can do:
 And if that profit comes about,
 By night her candle goes not out.

A willing hand to the distrest
She lends, and is a chearefull giver:

Come winters cold and frostie guest,
When idle huswives quake and quiver,
She and her housholds cloathed well,
The weathers hardnesse to expell.

Her skill doth worke faire tapistrie,
With linnen furnish'd of the best:
Her needle workes do beautifie,
And she in scarlet costly drest,
When Senators assembled be,
Her husbands honor there shall see.

Her spinning shall her store increase,
The finest cloth shall yeeld her gaine,
And dayly profit shall not cease,
Which her unidle hands maintaine:
Her clothing shall her worth expresse,
And honors yeares her end possesse.

Her mouth shall never opened be,
But wisdome will proceede from it;
And such mild gracious wordes yeelds shee,
Sweetnesse upon her tongue doth sit:
In age she will her care addresse
To eate no bread of idelnesse.

Her children shall their dutie show
Most reverent to her all their life,
Her husband blesse that he did know
The time to meete with such a wife;

And uttring forth his happinesse
Her vertues in this wise expresse.

I know t'is true that more then one
Good huswife there is to be found,
But I may say that thou alone
Above all women dost abound;
Yea, I protest in all my daies
Thou art the first, and thee ile praise.

What thing is favour but a shade?
It hath no certaine lasting hower.
Whereof is wanton beautie made,
That withers like a sommers flower?
When these shall end their date in daies,
She that feares God shall live with praise.

And such a wife of worthie worth
Due glories lot will to her fall,
And great assemblies will give forth
What vertues shee's adorn'd withall:
Her lifes renowne to fame shall reach,
Her good example others teach.

FINIS.

HOW KING HENRIE THE FIRST HAD HIS CHILDREN DROWNED IN
THE SEA, AS THEY CAME OUT OF FRAUNCE.

CANT. III.

To the tune of the Ladyes Daughter.

AFTER our royall King
had foyld his foes in Fraunce,
And spent the pleasant spring
his honour to advance,
Into faire England he returnde
with fame and victorie,
What time the subjectes of this land
received him joyfully.

But at his home returne,
his children left he still
In Fraunce for to sojorne
to purchase learned skill:
Duke William, with his brother deare,
Lord Richard was his name,
Which was the Earle of Chester then,
who thirsted after fame.

The Kinges faire daughter eke,
the lady Mary bright,
With divers noble peeres,
and many a hardy knight.
All those were left together there
in pleasure and delight,
When that our King to England came
after a bloody fight.

But when faire Flora had
drawne forth her treasure dry,
That winter cold and sad
with horie head drew nie,
Those princes all with one consent
prepared all things meete
To passe the seas for faire England,
whose sight to them was sweete.

To England let us hie,
thus every one did say,
For Christmas draweth nie;
no longer let us stay,
But spend the merry Christmas time
within our fathers court,
Where Lady Pleasure doth attend
with many a princely sport.

To sea these princes went,
fulfilled with mirth and joy,
But this their merriment
did turne to deare annoy.
The saylers and the shipmen all,
through foule excesse of wine,
Were so disguisde that at the sea
they shewd themselves like swine.

The sterne no man could guide,
the maister sleeping lay,
The saylers all beside
went reeling every way;

So that the ship at randome roode
upon the foaming flood,
Whereby in perill of their lives
the princes alwaies stood.

Which made distilling teares
from their faire eyes to fall;
Their hearts were fild with feares,
no helpe they had at all.
They wisht themselves upon the land
a thousand times and more,
And at the last they came in sight
of Englands pleasant shore.

Then every one began
to turne their sighes to smiles:
Their colours pale and wan
a chearefull looke exiles.
The princely Lords most lovingly
their Ladies do imbrace,
For now in England shall we bee,
quoth they, in little space.

Take comfort now, they sayd,
behold the land at last;
Then be no more dismayde,
the worst is gone and past.
But while they thus did joyfull hope
with comfort entertaine,
The goodly shippe upon a rocke
on suddaine burst in twaine.

With that a greevous screeke
among them there was made,
And every one did seeke
on something to be stayde;
But all in vaine such helpe they sought;
the shippe so soone did sinke,
That in the sea they were constrained
to take their latest drinke.

There might you see the lords
and ladyes for to lie
Amidst the salt sea foame,
with many a greevous crie,
Still labouring for their lives defence
with stretched armes abroad,
And lifting up their little hands
for helpe with one accord.

But as good fortune would,
the sweete young duke did get
Into a cock-boat then,
where safely he did sit:
But when he heard his sister cry,
the kings faire daughter deare,
Hee turned his boat to take her in
whose death did draw so neare.

But while he strove to take
his sweete young sister in,
The rest such shift did make,
in sea as they did swimme,

That to the boate a number got,
so many, that at last
The boate, and all that were therein,
was drownd and overcast.

Of lords and gentlemen,
and ladies faire of face,
Not one escaped then,
which was a heavie case.
Three score and ten were drownd in all,
and none escaped death,
But one poore butcher, which had swome
himselſe quite out of breath.

This was most heavie newes
unto our comely king,
Who did all mirth refuse,
this word when they did bring;
For by this means no child he had
his kingdome to succeed,
Whereby his sisters sonne was king,
as you shall plainly read.

THE DUTCHESS OF SUFFOLKES CALAMITIE.

To the tune of Queen Dido.

WHEN God had taken for our sinne
that prudent Prince K. Edward away,

Then bloody Bonner did begin
his raging mallice to bewray:
All those that did the Gospell professe
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus when the Lord on us did lower
many in pryson did he throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards tower
whereby they might the trueth forgoe:
Then Cranmer, Ridley and the rest
Were burnt in fire that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fild,
and many places more beside:
At Coventry was Sanders kild,
At Glocester eke good Hooper dyde;
And to escape this bloody day
Beyond-seas many fled away.

Among the rest that sought reliefe,
and for their faith in daunger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe,
King Henries daughter of royall blood,
Which in the Tower prisoner did lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Dutchesse of Suffolke seeing this,
whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heavenly blisse,
which in Gods word her comfort wrought,

For feare of death was faine to flie
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone
her lands and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that pretious stone,
the worde of trueth, so rare to find:
She with her nurse, her husband and child
In poore array their sights beguild.

Thus through London they past along,
each one did passe a severall streete;
Thus all unknowne, escaping wrong,
at Billings gate they all did meete:
Like people poore in Gravesend barge
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend towne
with easie journeyes on foote they went:
Unto the sea-coast they came downe,
to passe the seas was their intent;
And God provided so that day,
That they tooke shippe and sayld away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind
in Flanders safe they did arive.
This was to their great ease of minde,
which from their hearts much woe did drive:
And so, with thanks to God on hie,
They tooke their way to Germanie.

Thus as they traveld thus disguise
upon the high way sodainely
By cruell theeves they were surprisde,
assaulting their small companie;
And all their treasure and their store
They tooke away, and beate them sore.

The nurse in midst of their fight
laid downe the child upon the ground:
She ran away out of their sight,
and never after that was found.
Then did the dutchesse make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The theeves had there their horses kilde,
and all their money quite had tooke:
The pretty babie, almost spild,
was by their nurse likewise forsooke;
And they farre from their friends did stand
All succourlesse in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowle;
it hayld and rained in pittious sort:
The way was long and wonderous foule;
then may I now full well report
Their griefe and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chaunce did fall.

Sometime the dutchesse bore the child,
as wet as ever she could be;

And when the lady kind and mild
was wearie, then the child bore hee:
And thus they one another easde,
and with their fortunes were well pleasde.

And after many wearied steppes,
all wet-shod both in durt and myre,
After much griefe their hearts yet leapes,
for labour doth some rest require:
A towne before them they did see,
But lodgd therein they could not bee.

From house to house they both did goe,
seeking where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
and still the babe with cold did crie.
With capp and knee they courtsey make,
But none on them would pittie take.

Loe, heere a princesse of great blood
did pray a peasant for reliefe,
With tears bedewed as she stood;
Yet few or none regards her griefe.
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her a pennie in her hand.

When all in vaine the paines was spent,
and that they could not house-roome get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
to stand out of the raine and wet:

Then said the dutchesse to her deare,
O, that we had some fier heere.

Then did her husband so provide,
that fire and coales he got with speede.
She sate downe by the fiers side
to dresse her daughter that had neede;
And while she drest it in her lapp,
Her husband made the infant papp.

Anone the sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all voyde of shame,
to drive them out was his desire;
And spurning forth this noble dame,
Her husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in furie as he stood,
he wroung the church-keies out of his hand,
And strooke him so, that all of blood
his head ran downe where he did stand;
Wherefore the sexton presently
For helpe and ayde aloude did cry.

Then came the officers in hast,
and tooke the dutchesse and her child;
And with her husband thus they past,
like lambes beset with tygers wild,
And to the governour were they brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Maister Bartue, brave and bold,
in Latine made a gallant speech,
Which all their miserie did unfold,
and their high favour did beseech:
With that a doctor sitting by
Did know the dutchesse presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
with minde abashed at this sight,
Unto them all that there did waight,
he thus brake forth in wordes a right.
Behold within your sight, quoth hee,
A princesse of most high degree.

With that the governour and the rest
were all amazde the same to heare,
And welcommed these new come guestes
with reverence great and princely cheare;
And afterward conveyd they were
Unto their friend Prince Cassemere.

A sonne she had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue cald by name,
Surnamde the good Lord Willobie,
of courage great and worthie fame.
Her daughter young which with her went
Was afterward Countesse of Kent.

For when Queene Mary was deceast,
The dutchesse home returnde againe.

Who was of sorrow quite releast
 by Queene Elizabeths happie raigne :
 For whose life and prosperitie
 We may prayse God continually.

FINIS.

HOW KING HENRY THE SECOND, CROWNING HIS SON KING OF
 ENGLAND IN HIS OWNE LIFE TIME, WAS BY HIM MOST GRIEV-
 OUSLY VEXED WITH WARRES: WHEREBY HE WENT ABOUT TO
 TAKE HIS FATHERS CROWNE QUITE FROM HIM. AND HOW AT
 HIS DEATH HE REPENTED HIM THEREOF, AND ASKED HIS FA-
 THER HARTELY FORGIVENESSE.

CANT. III.

To the tune of Wigmores Galliard.

You parentes whose affection fond
 unto your children doth appeare,
 Marke well the storie now in hand,
 wherein you shall great matters heare;
 And learne by this which shall be told
 to hold your children still in awe,
 Least otherwise they proove too bold,
 and set not by your state a straw.

King Henrie, second of that name,
 for very love that he did beare
 Unto his sonne, whose courteous fame
 did through the land his credite reare,

Did call the prince upon a day
unto the court in royall sort,
Attyred in most rich array,
and there he made princely sport.

And afterward he tooke in hand,
for feare he should deceived be,
To crowne him king of faire England
while life possest his majestie:
What time the king, in humble sort
like to a subject, waighted then
Upon his sonne, and by report
Swore unto him his noble-men.

And by this means in England now
two kings at once together live;
But lordly rule will not allow
in partnership their dayes to drive.
The sonne therefore ambitiously
doth seeke to pull his father downe,
By bloody warre and subiltie
to take from him his princely crowne.

Sith I am king, thus did he say,
why should I not both rule and raigne?
My heart disdaines for to obey;
Yea, all or nothing will I gaine.
Hereon he raiseth armies great,
and drawes a number to his part,
His fathers force downe right to beat,
and by his speare to pierce his heart.

In seaven set battles doth he fight
 against his loving father deare,
To overthrow him in despight,
 to win himselfe a kingdome cleare.
But naught at all could he prevaile ;
 his armie alwaies had the worst:
Such grieve did then his heart assaile,
 he thought himselfe of God accurst.

And therefore, falling wonderous sicke,
 he humbly to his father sent:
The worme of conscience did him pricke,
 and his vile deedes he did lament;
Requiring that his noble grace
 would now forgive all that was past,
And come to him in heavie case,
 being at point to breath his last.

When this word came unto our king,
 the newes did make him wondrous woe;
And unto him he sent his ring,
 where he in person would not goe.
Commend mee to my sonne, he sayd,
 so sicke in bed as he doth lie,
And tell him, I am well appayde
 to heare he doth for mercie crie.

The Lord forgive his foule offence,
 and I forgive them all, quoth hee;
His evill with good Ile recompence:
 beare him this message now from mee.

When that the prince did see this ring
he kissed it in joyfull wise,
And for his faultes his hands did wring,
while bitter teares gusht from his eyes.

Then to his lords that stood him nie
with feeble voyce then did he call,
Desiring them immediately
to strip him from his garments all.
Take off from me these robes so rich,
and lap me in a cloth of haire ;
Quoth he, my greevous sinnes are such
Hell fiers flame I greatly feare.

A hemton halter then he tooke,
about his necke he put the same,
And with a greevous pittious looke
this speech unto them did he frame.
You reverend bishops, more and lesse,
pray for my soule to God on hie,
For like a theefe I do confesse
I have deserved for to die.

And therefore, by this halter heere
I yeeld my selfe unto you all.
A wretch unworthy to appeare
before my God celestiall.
Therefore within your hempton bed,
all strewd with ashes as it is,
Let me be layde when I am dead,
and draw me thereunto by this.

Yea, by this halter strong and tough
 dragge foorth my carcase to the same;
 Yet is that couch not bad inough
 for my vile body wrapt in shame.
 And when you see me lie along,
 bepowdered in ashes there,
 Say, there is he that did such wrong
 unto his father every where.

And with that word he breath'd his last;
 wherefore according to his minde,
 They drew him by the necke full fast
 unto the place to him assignd;
 And afterward in solemne sort
 at Roan in Fraunce buried was hee,
 Where many princes did resort
 to his most royall obsequie.

FINIS.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF QUEENE ELINOR, WIFE TO KING HENRIE
 THE SECOND, BY WHOSE MEANES THE KING'S SONNES SO UN-
 NATURALLY REBELLED AGAINST THEIR FATHER; AND HER
 LAMENTATION, BEING XVI YEARES IN PRISON, WHOM HER SONNE
 RICHARD, WHEN HE CAME TO BE KING, RELEASED: AND HOW
 AT HER DELIVERANCE SHE CAUSED MANIE PRISONERS TO BE
 SET AT LIBERTIE.

CANT. [IV.]

To the tune of come live with me and be my love.
 Thrice woe is mee, unhappy queene,
 thus to offend my princely lord:

My foule offence too plaine is seene,
and of good people most abhord.
I do confesse my fault it was
these bloody warres came thus to passe.

My jealous minde hath wrought my woe;
let all good ladyes shun mistrust:
My Envie wrought my overthrow,
and by my malice most unjust
My sonnes did seeke their fathers life
by bloody warres and cruell strife.

What more unkindnesse could be showne
to any prince of high renowne,
Then by his queene and love alone,
to stand in danger of his crowne?
For this offence most worthely
in dolefull prison do I lye.

But that which most torments my minde,
and makes my greevous heart complaine,
Is for to thinke, that most unkind
I brought my selfe in such disdain,
That now the king cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side.

In dolefull pryson I am cast,
debar'd of princely companie:
The kings goodwill quite have I lost,
and purchast nought but infamie:

And never must I see him more,
whose absence greeves my hart full sore.

Full sixteene winters have I beene
imprisoned in the dungion deepe,
Whereby my joyes are wasted cleene,
where my poore eyes have learnd to weepe;
And never since I could attaine
his kingly love to mee againe.

Too much (in deed I must confesse)
I did abuse his royall grace,
And by my great maliciousnesse
his wrong I wrought in every place:
And thus his love I turnd to hate,
which I repent, but all too late.

Sweete Rosamond that was so faire,
out of her curious bower I brought:
A poysoned cup I gave her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought;
The which I did with all despight
because she was the kings delight.

Thus often did the queene lament,
as she in prison long did lie
Her former deeds she did repent
with many a watrie weeping eye;
But at the last this newes was spread,
the king was on a sodaine dead.

But when she heard this tydings told,
 most bitterly she mourned then:
 Her wofull hart she did unfold
 in sight of many noble men,
 And her sonne Richard being king
 from dolefull prison did her bring.

Who set her for to rule the land,
 while to Jerusalem he went,
 And while she had this charge in hand
 her care was great in governement;
 And many a prisoner then in hold
 she set at large from yrons cold.

THE LAMENTABLE DEATH OF KING JOHN, HOW HE WAS POYSONED
 IN THE ABBY AT SWINSTED BY A FRYER.

CANT. V.

To the tune of Fortune.

A TREACHEROUS deede forthwith I shall you tell,
 Which on King John upon a sodaine fell:
 To Lincoln-shire proceeding on his way
 At Swinsted Abbey one whole night he lay.

There did the king appose his welcome good,
 But much deceit lyes under abbots hood:
 There did the king himselfe in safetie thinke;
 But there the king received his latest drinke.

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Great cheere they made unto his royal grace,
While he remaynd a guest within that place ;
But while they smylde and laughed in his sight,
They wrought great treason shadowed with delight.

A flat faced monke comes with a glosing tale
To give the king a cupp of spiced ale:
A deadlier draught was never offered man,
Yet this false monke unto the king began.

Which when the king (without mistrust) did see,
He tooke the cup of him couragiously;
But while he held the poysoned cup in hand
Our noble king amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chaunce his princely eye
On precious jewels, which he had full nye,
He saw the cullour of each precious stone
Most strangely turne, and alter one by one,

Their orient brightnesse to a pale dead hue
Were changed quite: the cause no person knew,
And such a sweat did overspread them all,
As stood like deaw which on fair flowers fall.

And hereby was their precious natures tryde,
For precious stones foule poyson cannot abide ;
But though our king beheld their cullour pale,
Mistrusted not the poyson in the ale.

For why, the monke the taste before him tooke,
Nor knew the king how ill he did it brooke;
And therefore he a harty draught did take,
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th' infectious drinke fumde up into his head,
And through the veines into the heart it spread,
Distempering the pure unspotted braine,
That doth in man his memorie maintaine.

Then felt the king an extreame grieve to grow
Through all his entrels, being infected so:
Whereby he knew, through anguish which he felt,
The monks with him most trayterously had delt.

The grones he gave did make all men to wonder:
He cast as if his heart would split in sunder;
And still he cald, while he thereon did thinke,
For that false monk which brought the deadly drinke.

And then his lords went searching round about
In every place to find this traytor out:
At length they found him dead as any stone,
Within a corner lying all alone.

For having tasted of that poysoned cup,
Whereof our king the residue drunke up,
The envious monke himselfe to death did bring,
That he thereby might kill our royall king.

But when the king with wonder heard them tell
The monkes dead body did with poyson swell,
Why then, my lords, full quickly now, quoth hee,
A breathlesse king you shall among you see.

Behold, he sayd, my vaines in peeces cracke,
A greevous torment feelee I in my backe,
And by this poyson deadly and accurst,
I feelee my hart-stringes ready for to burst.

With that his eyes did turne within his head;
A pale dead cullour through his face did spread,
And lying gasping with a cold faint breath,
The royall king was overcome by death.

His mournfull lordes, which stood about him then,
With all their force and troopes of warlike men
To Worcester the corpes they did convey,
With drumme and trumpet marching al the way.

And in the faire Cathedral Church, I finde,
They buried him according to their minde,
Most pompiously, best fitting for a king,
Who were applauded greatly for this thing.

THE CRUELL IMPRISONMENT OF KING EDWARD THE SECOND, AT
THE CASTLE OF BARKLEY, THE 22 OF SEPTEMBER, 1327.

CANT. VI.

To the tune of Who list to lead a Souldiers life.

WHEN Isabell, faire England's queene,
in wofull warres had victorious beene,

Our comely king, her husband deare,
Subdued by strength, as did appeare,
By her was sent to prison strong
for having done his countrie wrong.
In Barkly Castle cast was hee,
denyed of royall dignitie;
Where he was kept in wofull wise,
his queene did him so much despise.

There did he live, a wofull state,
such is a womans deadly hate,
When fickle fancie followes change,
and lustfull thoughts delight to range.
Lord Mortimer was so in minde,
the kinges sweete love was cast behind;
And none was knowne a greater foe
unto king Edward in his woe,
Then Isabell his crowned queene,
as by the sequell shall be seene.

While he in prison poorely lay,
a Parliament was held straight way;
What time his foes apace did bring
Billes of complaint against the king,
So that the nobles of the land,
when they the matter throughly scand,
Pronounced then these speeches plaine,
Hee was unworthy for to raigne.
Therefore they made a flat decree
he should forthwith deposed bee;

And his sonne Edward, young of yeeres,
was judged by the noble peeres
Most meete to weare the princely crowne,
his father being thus puld downe.
Which words when as the queene did heare
(dissemblingly as did appeare)
She wept, she wayld, and wrong her hands
before the lords where as she stands.
Which when the prince, her sonne, did see,
he spake these words most courteously.

My sweete queene mother, weepe not so:
thinke not your sonne will seeke your woe.
Though English lords chose mee their king,
my owne deare father yet living,
Thinke not thereto I will consent,
except my father be content,
And with good will his crowne resigne,
and graunt it freely to be mine.
Therefore, queene mother, thinke no ill
in mee, or them for their good will.

Then divers lords without delay
went to the king where as he lay,
Declaring how the matter stood;
and how the peeres did thinke it good
To choose his sonne their king to bee,
if that he would thereto agree,
For to resigne his princely crowne,
and all his title of renowne:

If otherwise, they told him plaine,
a stranger should the same attaine.

This dolefull tydings (most unkind)
did sore afflict king Edwards minde;
But when he saw no remedie
he did unto their willes agree;
And bitterly he did lament,
saying the Lord this plague hath sent
For his offence and vanitie,
which he would suffer patiently;
Beseeching all the lords at last
for to forgive him all was past.

When thus he was deposed quite
of that which was his lawfull right,
In prison was he kept full close,
without all pittie or remorse;
And those that shewd him favour still
were taken from him with ill will.
Which when the Earle of Kent did heare,
who was in blood to him full neare,
He did intreat most earnestly
for his release and libertie.

His words did much the queene displease,
who sayd he liv'd too much at ease.
Unto the bishop did she goe
of Hereford, his deadly foe,
And cruell letters made him write
unto his keepers with despight:

You are too kind to him, quoth shee;
 hencefoorth more straighter looke you bee.
 And in their writing subtiltie
 they sent them word that he should die.

The lord Matrevers, all dismayd,
 unto Sir Thomas Gurney sayd;
 The queene is much displeasd, quoth hee,
 for Edwards too much libertie,
 And by her letters doth bewray
 that soone he shall be made away.
 Tis best (Sir Thomas then replide)
 the queenes wish should not be denide:
 Thereby we shall have her good will,
 and keepe our selves in credite still.

HOW THE KING WAS POYSONED, AND YET ESCAPED; AND AFTER-
 WARD, HOW WHEN THEY SAW THAT THEREBY HE WAS NOT
 DISPATCHED OF LIFE, THEY LOCKED HIM IN A MOST NOYSOME
 FILTHY PLACE, THAT WITH THE STINK THEREOF HE MIGHT BE
 CHOAKED; AND WHEN THAT PREVAILED NOT, HOW THEY
 THRUST A HOT BURNING SPIT INTO HIS FUNDAMENT, TILL
 THEY HAD BURNT HIS BOWELS WITHIN HIS BODY, WHEREOF
 HE DYED.

CANT. VII.

To the tune of How can the tree.

THE kings curst keepers, ayming at reward,
 hoping for favour of the furious queene,

On wretched Edward had they no regard:
far from their hearts is mercy mooved cleene.
Wherefore they mingle poyson with his meate,
which made the man most fearefull for to eate.

For by the taste he often times suspected
the venome couched in a daintie dish;
Yet his faire body was full sore infected,
so ill they spiced both his flesh and fish:
But his strong nature all their craft beguiles,
the poyson breaking foorth in blaines and biles.

An ugly scabbe ore-spreades his lillie skinne,
foule botches breake upon his manly face;
Thus sore without, and sorrowful within,
the despised man doth live in loathsome case:
Like to a lazer did he then abide,
that shews his sores along the highwayes side.

But when this practise proov'd not to their mind,
and that they saw he liv'd in their despight,
Another damde device then they finde,
by stinking savours for to choake him quight.
In an odd corner they did locke him fast,
hard by the which their carrion they did cast.

The stinch whereof might be compared wel-nie
to that foule lake where cursed Sodome stood,
That poysoned birdes which over it did flie,
even by the savour of that filthy mudd.

Even so, the smell of that corrupted den
was able for to choake ten thousand men.

But all in vain : it would not do (God wot)
his good complexion still drove out the same,
Like to the boyling of a seething pot,
that casteth the scumme into the fierie flame.
Thus still he liv'd, and living still they sought
his death, whose downfal was already wrought.

Loathing his life, at last his keepers came
into his chamber in the dead of night,
And without noyse they entred soone the same,
with weapons drawne and torches burning bright,
Where the poore prisoner fast a sleepe in bed
lay on his belly, nothing under's head.

The which advantage when the murderers saw,
a heavie table on him they did throw,
Wherewith awakt his breath be scant could draw :
with waight thereof they kept him under so ;
Then turning up the cloathes above his hips
to hold his legges a couple nimbly skips.

Then came the murtherers : one a horne had got,
Which farr into his fundament downe he thrust ;
An other with a spit all burning hot
the same quite through the horne he strongly pusht,
Among his entrels in most cruell wise,
forceing thereby most lamentable cryes.

And while within his body they did keepe
the burning spit, still rowling up and downe,
Most mournefully the murthered man did weepe,
whose wailefull noyse wakt many in the towne,
Who gessing by his cryes his death drew neare,
tooke great compassion on that noble peere.

And at which bitter screeke which he did make,
they prayde to God for to receive his soule:
His gastly grones inforst their hearts to ake,
yet none durst go to cause the bell to towle.
Ha me, poore man! alacke, alacke! he cryed,
And long it was before the time he dyed.

Strong was his hart, and long it was, God knowes,
eare it would stoope unto the stroke of death:
First it was wounded with a thousand woes
before he did resigne his vitall breath;
And being murdered thus, as you do heare,
no outward hurt upon him did appeare.

This cruell murder being brought to passe,
the lord Matrevers to the court did hie,
To shew the queene her will performed was:
great recompense he thought to get thereby.
But when the queene the sequell understands,
dissemblingly she weeps, and wringes her hands.

Ah, cursed traytor! Hast thou slaine (quoth shee)
my noble wedded lord in such a sort?

Shame and confusion ever light on thee.

Oh, how I grieve to heare this vile report !
Hence, cursed cative, from my sight, (she sayde)
that hath of mee a wofull widow made !

Then all abasht Matrevers goes his way,
the saddest man that ever life did beare,
And to Sir Thomas Gurney did bewray
what bitter speach the queene did give him there.
Then did the queene out-law them both together,
and banisht them faire Englands bounds for ever.

Thus the dissembling queene did seeke to hide
the heynous act by her owne meanes effected :
The knowledge of this deed she still denide,
that she of murder might not be suspected :
But yet for all the subtiltie she wrought,
the trueth unto the world was after brought.

THE DOLEFULL LAMENTATION OF THE LORD MATREVERS AND
SIR THOMAS GURNEY, BEING BANISHED THE REALME.

CANT. VIII.

To the tune of Light of love.

ALAS, that ever that day we did see,
that false smiling fortune so fickle should be !
Our miseries are many, our woes without end :
to purchase us favour we both did offend.

Our deeds have deserved both sorrow and shame,
but woe worth the persons procured the same!
Alacke, and alacke! with grieve we may crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

The Bishop of Hereford, ill may he fare!
he wrought us a letter for subiltie rare:
To kill princely Edward feare not, it is good.
thus much by the letter we then understood;
But curst be the time that we tooke it in hand
to follow such counsell and wicked commaund.
Alacke, and alacke! with grieve we may crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Forgive us, sweete Saviour, that damnable deed,
which causeth with sorrow our hearts for to bleed,
And taking compassion upon our distresse,
put far from thy presence our great wickednesse.
With teares all bedeawd for mercie we crie,
and do not the penitent mercie denie.
Alacke, and alacke! with grieve we may say,
that ever we made king Edward away!

For this have we lost our goods and our lands,
our Castles and Towers so stately that stands;
Our ladyes and babyes are turned out of doore,
like comfortlesse catives, both naked and poore:
Both friendlesse and fatherlesse do they complaine,
for gone are our comforts that should them maintaine.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

And while they goe wringing their hands up and downe,
in seeking for succour from towne unto towne,
All wrapped in wretchednesse do we remaine,
tormented, perplexed, in labour and paine,
Despised, disdayned, and banished quite
the coastes of our country so sweete to our sight.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Then farewell, faire England, wherein we were borne,
our friends and our kindred, which hold us in scorn;
Our honours and dignities quite we have lost,
both profit and pleasure our fortune hath crost:
Our parkes and our chases, our mansions so faire,
our jems and our jewels most precious and rare.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Then farewell, deare ladyes and most loving wives,
might we mend your miseries with losse of our lives,
Then our silly children, which begs in your hand,
in grieve and calamity long should not stand;
Nor yet in their country despised should be,
that lately was honoured of every degree.
Alacke, and alacke! and alasse we may crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

In countries unknowne we range to and fro,
cloying mens eares with report of our woe:
Our food is wild berries, green bancks is our bed,
the trees serve for houses to cover our head.

Browne bread to our taste is most daintie and sweete,
our drinke is cold water tooke up at our feete.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

Thus having long wandred in hunger and cold,
despising lives safetie, most desperate bold,
Sir T. Gurney toward England doth goe,
for love of his lady distressed with woe;
Saying, how happy and blessed were I
to see my sweete children and wife ere I die.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas may we cry,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

But three yeares after his wofull exile
behold how false fortune his thoughts doth beguile:
Comming toward England was tooke by the way,
and least that he should the chiefe murderers bewray,
Commandement was sent by one called Lea,
he should be beheaded foorthwith on the sea.
Alacke, and alacke! and alasse did he crie,
That ever we forced king Edward to die!

Thus was Sir Thomas dispatched of life
in comming to visit his sorrowfull wife,
Who was cut off from his wished desire,
which he in his heart so much did require;
And never his lady againe did he see,
nor his poore children in their miserie.
Alacke, and alacke! and alasse did he crie,
that ever we forced king Edward to die!

The lord Matrevers (the story doth tell)
in Germanie after long time he did dwell
In secret manner, for feare to be seene
by any persons that favoured the queene:
And there at last in great miserie
he ended his life most penitentlie.
Alacke, and alacke! and alas did he say,
that ever we made king Edward away!

THE WINNING OF THE ILE OF MANNE BY THE NOBLE EARLE OF
SALISBURIE.

CANT. IX.

To the tune of the Kings going to the Par.

The noble Earle of Salisburie,
with many a hardy knight,
Most valiantly prepard himselfe
against the Scots to fight.
With his speare and his sheeld
making his proud foes to yeeld,
Fiercely on them all he can,
to drive them from the Ile of Man.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

There silken ensignes in the field
most gloriously were spred :

The horsemen on their prauncing steeds
strucke many a Scotchman dead.

The browne-bils on their corslets ring
the bow-men with their gray-goose wing,
The lustie launce, the pierceing speare
the soft flesh of their foes doe teare.

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The battell was so fierce and hot,
the Scots for feare did flie,
And many a famous knight and squire
in gorie blood did lie.

Some thinking to escape away
did drowne themselves within the sea :

Some with many a bloody wound
lay gasping on the clayie ground.

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus, after many a brave exployt
that day performd and done,
The noble Earle of Salsburie
the Ile of Man had wonne.

Returning then most gallantly
with honour, fame and victorie,
Like a conquerour of fame,
to court this warlike champion came,

Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they goe,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Our king rejoyceing at this act,
incontinent decreed
To give the earle this pleasant ile
for his most valiant deed ;
And foorthwith did cause him than
for to be crowned king of Man :
Earle of famous Salsburie,
and king of Man by dignitie.
Drummes striking on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus was the first king of Man
that ever bore the name,
Knight of the princely garter blew
and order of great fame ;
Which brave king Edward did devise,
and with his person royalize :
Knights of the Garter are they cald,
and eke at Winsor so instald :
With princely royaltie,
great fame and dignitie,
this knighthood still is held.

THE REBELLION OF WATT TYLER AND JACKE STRAW WITH
OTHERS AGAINST K. RICHARD THE SECOND.

CANT. X.

To the tune of the Miller would a woing ride.

WATT TYLER is from Darford gan,
and with him many a proper man,
And hee a captaine is become,
marching in field with phife and drumme.
Jacke Straw, an other in like case,
from Essex flockes a mighty pace.
Hob Carter with his stragling traine,
Jacke Shepheard comes with him amaine ;
So doth Tom Miller in like sort,
as if he meant to take some fort.
With bowes and bils, with speare and shield,
on Black-heath have they pitcht their field:
An hundred thousand men in all,
whose force is not accounted small;
And for king Richard did they send,
much evill to him they did intend,
For the taxe the which our king
upon his commons then did bring.
And now, because his royall Grace
denyed to come within their chase,
They spoyled Southwarke round about,
and tooke the Marshals prisoners out.
All those that in the kings-bench lay
at libertie they set that day;

And then they marcht with one consent
through London with a lewd intent.
And for to fit their lewd desire
they set the Savoy all on fire;
And for the hate that they did beare
unto the duke of Lancasteare,
Therefore his house they burned quite,
through envy, malice and despight.
Then to the Temple did they turne;
the lawyers bookes there did they burne,
And spoyld their lodgings one by one,
and all they could lay hand upon.
Then into Smithfield did they hie
to Saint Jones place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fier flat,
which burned seven dayes after that.
Unto the Tower of London then
fast trooped these rebellious men,
And having entred soone the same,
with hidious cryes and mickle shame,
The grave Lord Chauncelor thence they tooke
amazde, with fearefull pittious looke.
The Lord High Treasurer likewise they
tooke from that place that present day;
And with their hooting lowd and shrill
stroke off their heads on Tower Hill.
Into the cittie came they then,
like rude disordered franticke men:
They robd the churches every where
And put the priestes in deadly feare.

Into the Counters then they get,
where men in prison lay for debt:
They broke the doores and let them out,
and threw the Counter bookes about,
Tearing and spoyling them each one,
and records all they light upon.
The doores of Newgate broke they downe,
that prisoners ran about the towne,
Forcing all the smiths they meete
to knocke the irons from their feete;
And then, like villaines voyde of awe,
followed Wat Tyler and Jacke Straw.
And though this outrage was not small,
the king gave pardon to them all,
So they would part home quietly;
but they his pardon did defie,
And being all in Smithfield then,
even threescore thousand fighting men,
Which there Wat Tyler then did bring
of purpose for to meet our king.
And therewithall his royall grace
sent Sir John Newton to that place,
Unto Wat Tyler, willing him
to come and speake with our young king;
But the proud rebell in despight
did picke a quarrell with the knight.
The Mayor of London being by,
when he beheld this villainie,
Unto Wat Tyler rode he then,
being in midst of all his men,

Saying, traytor, yield, tis best;
in the kings name I thee arrest:
And therewith to his dagger start,
and thrust the rebell to the hart;
Who falling dead unto the ground,
the same did all the host confound,
And downe they threw their weapons all,
and humbly they for pardon call.
Thus did that proud rebellion cease,
and after followed a joyfull peace.

FINIS.

A SPEECH BETWENNE CERTAINE LADYES, BEING SHEPHEARDS
ON SALISBURIE PLAINE.

TRULY (sayd the ladyes) this was a most hardie and couragious Mayor, that durst, in the middest of so mightie a multitude of his enemies, arest so impudent and bold a traytor, and kill him in the face of all his friendes; which was a deed worthy to be had in everlasting memorie, and highly to be rewarded. Nor did his majestie forget (sayd the Lady Oxenbridge) to dignifie that brave man for his hardie deed; for in remembrance of that admired exployt his majesty made him a knight, and five Aldermen more of the citie, ordaining also, that in remembrance of Sir William Walworthes deed against Watt Tyler, that all the Mayors that were to succeed in his place should be knighted. And further, he granted that there should

be a dagger added to the armes of the citie of London, in the right quarter of the shield for an argumentation of the armes.

You have told us (quoth the ladyes) the end of Wat Tyler, but I pray you what became of Jacke Strawe and the rest of the rebellious route? I will shew you (quoth shee). Jacke Straw, with the rest of that rude rabble, being in the end apprehended (as rebels never flourish long), was at last brought to be executed at London, where he confessed that their intent was (if they could have brought their vile purpose to passe) to have murdered the king and his nobles and to have destroyed (so neere as they could) all the gentilitie of the land, having especially vowed the death of all the bishops, abots and monkes, and then to have enriched themselves: they determined to set London on fire and to have taken spoyle of that honourable citie; but the gallowes standing betwixt them and home, they were there trust up before they could effect any thing. And such endes (sayd the ladyes) send all rebles, and especially the desperate traytors which at this present vexeth the whole state.

With that word, one of their servants came running, saying, Madam, the rebels are now marched out of Wiltshire and Hampshire, making hasty steps towards London: therefore, now you need not feare to com home, and commit the flocks to their former keepers. The ladyes, being joyfull thereof, appoynted shortly after a banquet to be prepared, where they all met together againe, by which time the kings power (having

incountered the rebels on Blackheath) overthrew their whole power: where the lord Awdry was taken and committed to Newgate, from whence he was drawne to the Tower-hill, in a coate of his owne armes, painted upon paper reversed and all to torne, and there was beheaded on the 24 of June. And shortly after, Thomas Flamocke, and Michael Joseph, the Blacksmith, were drawne hanged and quartered after the manner of traytors. But when the husbands to these faire ladyes came home, and heard how their wives had dealt to save themselves in this dangerous time, they could not chuse but laugh at the matter, saying that such shepheards never kept sheepe on Salisbury plaine before.

FINIS.

A MOURNEFULL DITTIE ON THE DEATH OF FAIRE ROSAMOND,
KING HENRIE THE SECONDS CONCUBINE.

CANT. XI.

To the tune of Flying Fame.

WHEN as king Henrie rul'd this land,
the second of that name,
(Beside the Queene) he dearly loved
a faire and princely dame;
Most peerelesse was her beautie found,
her favour and her face;
A sweeter creature in this world
did never Prince imbrace.

Her crisped locks like threades of gold
appeared to each mans sight ;
Her comely eyes like orient pearles
did cast a heavenly light :
The blood within her cristall cheekes
did such a cullour drive,
As though the lilly and the rose
for maistership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whome dame Elinor, our queene,
was knowne a cruell foe :
The king therefore, for her defence
against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke buylded such a bower,
the like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was buylt
Of stone and timber strong ;
A hundred and fiftie doores
did to that bower belong ;
And they so cunningly contriv'd
with turning round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
unto a valiant knight.

But fortune that doth often frowne
 where she before did smile,
The kinges delight, the ladyes joy,
 full soone she did beguile.

For why, the king's ungracious sonne,
 whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
 within the realme of France;
But yet before our comely king
 the English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his ladye faire,
 his fare-well thus he tooke.

My Rosamond, my onely Rose,
 that pleaseth best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
 to feed my fantasie !
The flower of my affected heart,
 whose sweetnes doth excell,
My royall Rose, a hundred times
 I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my fairest flower,
 my sweetest Rose, a space,
And crosse the seas to famous France,
 proude rebels to abace :
But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
 my comming shortly see,
And in my heart, while hence I am,
 Ile beare my Rose with mee.

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
did heare the King say so,
The sorrow of her greeved heart
her outward lookes did show ;
And from her cleare and cristall eyes
the teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled deaw
ran downe her comely face.

Her lippes like to a corral red
did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceived
her vitall spirits did fayle ;
And falling downe all in a sound
before King Henries face,
Full oft betweene his princely armes
her corpes he did imbrace.

And twenty times with waterie eyes
he kist her tender cheeke,
Untill she had received againe
her senses milde and meeke.
Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?
(the king did ever say)
Because (quoth she) to bloody warres
my Lord must part away.

But sith your Grace in forraine coastes,
among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limme,
why should I stay behind ?

Nay, rather let me like a page
your shield and target beare,
That on my breast the blow may light,
which should annoy you there.

O, let me in your royall tent
prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace
at your returne from fight.
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toyle I must refuse ;
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuse.

Content thy selfe, my dearest friend,
thy rest at home shall bee,
In England, sweete and pleasant soyle,
for travaile fits not thee.
Faire ladies brooke not bloody warres,
sweete peace their pleasures breede,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancie first doth feede.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke bower,
with musickes sweete delight,
While I among the pierceing pikes
against my foes do fight :
My Rose, in robes and pearles of gold
with diamonds richly dight,
Shall daunce the galliards of my love,
while I my foes do smite.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
to beare my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake,
And Rosamond for inward grieve
not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore.
After that day faire Rosamond
the King did see no more ;
For when his Grace had past the seas
and into France was gone,
Queene Elinor with envious heart
to Woodstocke came anone.

And foorth she cald this trusty knight
which kept the curious bower,
Who with his clew of twined threed
came from that famous flower ;
And when that they had wounded him,
the queene his threed did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
was like an angell set.

And when the queene with stedfast eye
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her minde
at her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee thy robes, she sayd,
that rich and costly be,
And drinke thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But presently upon her knees
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
for her offences all.

Take pittie of my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamond did cry;
And let me not with poyson strong
inforced be to die.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world so wide :
And for the fault which I have done,
though I was forst thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me,
as you thinke good to do.

And with these words her lilly hands
she wrang full often there,
And downe along her lovely cheekes
proceeded many a teare ;
But nothing could this furious queene
therewith appeased bee :
The cup of deadly poyson filld,
as she sat on her knee,

She gave the comely dame to drinke,
who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand;
And casting up her eyes to heaven
she did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyson then,
her life she lost withall.

And when that death through every lim
had done his greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
she was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intombe,
when life was fled away,
At Godstow, neere Oxford towne,
as may be seene this day.

FINIS.

A SONNET.

CANT. XII.

ALL you yong men that faine wold learne to woe,
And have no meanes, nor know not how to doe,
Come you to mee, and marke what I shall say,
Which being done will beare the wench away.
First, seeme thou wise and deck thyselfe not meanly,
For women they be nice, and love to have men clenly.

Next, shew thy self that thou hast gone to schoole,
Commende her wit, although she be a foole.
Speake in her prayse, for women they be proud ;
Looke what she sayes for troth must be aloude.
If she be sad, seeme thou as sad as shee ;
But if that she be glad, then joy with merry glee.

And in this mood these women must be clawde.
Give her a glasse, a phan, or some such gawde ;
Or (if she like) a hood, a capp, or hatt,
Draw to thy purse, and straight way give her that.
This being done, in time thou shalt her win,
And when that she is won, let tricks of love begin.

If at the borde you both sit side by side,
Say to her this, that Jove hath no such bride ;
Or if it chaunce you both sit face to face,
Say to her this, her looke alone sayes grace.
Such tricks as this use oft to her at meat,
For nought doth better please then doth a good conceit.

But if it chaunce you sit at severall bordes,
Send her such cates as your messe affordes ;
A pidgions hart upon a butchers picke,
A larkes long heelde i' the midst of it sticke.
Send this alone, let this the message bee,
There is a plovers bone to picke, without a P.

If when you meet, of this if she intreat,
First pardon crave, then utter thy conceit :

Then proove the minde is in the hart alone,
And as the hart, such was the minde upon.
Then seeme to yeeld a reason for the rest,
And say how maydes lark-heeld doth pierce thee
through the brest.

If she mislike the picke above the rest,
Say thus, you thoght she had lov'd Chaucers jest.
If she would know what by this jest is ment,
Say, with good will, if she thereto consent.
This is the meanes and way to win the wench:
Keepe wel thine owne language, what ere thou do the
French.

FINIS.

SONNETTA XIII.

FAIRE sweete, if you desire to know,
And would the meaning understand,
Wherefore on you I do bestow
This ring of gold with hart in hand,
Read these few lines that are behind,
And there my meaning you shall find.

The gift betokeneth my good will;
The ring, the wish of endles joy;
The gold, the worldly wealth, which still
Defendeth friendship from annoy.
The hart in hand, my heart in hold,
Which pittie craves, as reason would.

The hand betokeneth love and might,
 As chiefest member that defendes :
 Shake handes, then frendes; bend fist, then fight;
 Thus love or hate the hand offendes.
 In prooffe of perfect amitie
 I give this hand in hand to thee.

The heart thus plac'd betwixt two hands,
 If friendship breake, the heart is slaine :
 Even so the case with mee now standes ;
 My heart doth in your hands remaine.
 My life is yours to save or spill :
 I say no more ; do what you will.

FINIS.

T. R.

A MAYDES LETTER.

CANT. XIV.

HASTE commendations, and passe with speed,
 and litle writing, to my love :
 Spare not to speake for any dread,
 For why, no man can mee remove.
 Say this unto my turtle-dove ;
 although my body absent bee,
 There is no man can mee remove,
 for in conceit I am with thee.

The gladsome day shall loose his light,
 and be as darke as dungeon deepe :

Phœbus shall rule the irkesome night,
and banish Morpheus from my sight,
Ere ever I from my love leppe,
although my body absent bee,
The wormes shall flie which now do creepe,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The sea and land shall be alike ;
both fish and fowle it shall be one ;
The litle lambe the wolfe shall strike,
and then began the greater drone.
The feathers shall be turnd to stone,
although my body absent bee,
Or I against my true-love hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The tree shall florish in the fire,
bringing foorth fruite ten thousand fold ;
So shall the horse in dirt and myre
bring foles past count for to be told.
All kind of mettle shall be gold,
although my body absent bee,
Or I against my true-love hold,
for in conceit I am with thee.

The flowers that smel deliciously
shall stinke, no man may them abide,
And oyles and oyntments preciously
shall be corrupt, and never tride,

Ere I my selfe I do deny,
 although my body absent bee,
 Morpheus to mee shall be one guide,
 for in conceit I am with thee.

When all these thinges be come to passe
 which I on spake, then, be assured,
 You'l find these women brittle as glasse,
 but not till then, if life be pure.
 Constant still I will endure,
 whiles there's any life in my body;
 If I speake the words, Ile make them sure,
 and in conceit Ile end with thee.

FINIS.

A. C.

A NEW DITTIE IN PRAYSE OF MONEY.

CANT. XV.

To a new tune called The Kings Jigge.

MONEY's a lady ; nay, she is a princesse ;
 Nay more, a goddesse adorned on earth.
 Without this Money who can be merry,
 Though he be never so noble by byrth ?
 Her presence breeds joy, her absence breeds annoy :
 where Money lacketh, there wanteth no dearth.

Vertue is nothing if Money be wanting,
 vertue is nothing esteemed or set by.
 Wisdom is folly, and so accounted,

if it be joyned with base povertie.
Learnings contemned, wit is condemned,
both are derided of rich miserie.

He that is wealthy is greatly regarded,
though he be never so simple a sot:
He that is needy, he is despised,
tho' he have wisdom which th' other hath not.
Though he have wisdom (which many wanteth)
yet is his credit not worth a grot.

When thou hast Money then friendes thou hast many;
when it is wasted their friendship is cold:
Goe by Jeronimo; no man then will thee know,
knowing thou hast neither silver nor gold.
No man will call thee in, no man will set a pin
for former friendship, though never so old.

Money doth all things, both great things and small
things,
Money doth all things, as plainely we see:
Money doth each thing, want can do nothing
Povertie parteth still good companie:
When thou hast spent all, or els hast lent all,
who then is loving or kind unto thee.

Money makes soldiers to serve their prince truly,
Money hyres souldiers and serving-men too:
Money makes lawyers plead the case duly;
without this Money what can a man do?
This auncient lesson I learned newly,
if Money misseth in vaine thou dost sue.

Money subdueth where force can not conquer,
Shee overcommeth both castle and towne;
Her power quayleth where valour fayleth,
never was lady of greater renowne.
Many a towne is so betraid unto the foe;
her wals are razed, and turrets puld downe.

Beautie, that standeth on pride and opinion,
by lady Lucre oft catcheth a fall;
And though she scornes desart, and have a flinty heart,
yet is she ready when Money doth call.
The clowne for Money may have a coney,
when the poore gallant can get none at all.

Thus we see Money makes every place sunny;
each place is shady that wanteth her shine:
Phœbus is not so bright, nor gives such store of light,
as this faire lady whose beauty's divine.
Of night she maketh day, all care she drives away,
her fame and glory nere yet did decline.

Riches bewitches the minde of a miser,
Money enchaunteth both young age and old;
Yet cannot Money purchase thee heaven:
Heavens not purchas'd with silver nor gold;
But to the godly, righteous and blessed,
the joyes of heaven are given, not sould.

FINIS.

AN EPIGRAM.

Dull says, he is so weake he can not rise,
 Nor stand, nor goe : if that be true, he lyes.
 True-lie well sed, for so the case now standes,
 He keepes his bed, yet lies i' the surgions hands.

FINIS.

Quoth R.

A LOVER BEING COMMAUNDED BY HIS BELOVED TO GIVE PLACE
 TO THE DISDAYNED CRUE, HE WRITETH AS FOLLOWETH.

With heavie hart, and many a dole, adue;
 I doe give place to the disdained crue :
 But,
 When you command, who may command the best,
 Shall I denie, who may the worst of all?
 I rather wish the hart within my brest
 Lie dround in death, and soule to hell be thrall.
 With willing minde I to your hest agree :
 You did command ; that was enough for mee.

HEE that in time refuseth time,
 when time well offered is,
 An other time shall misse of time,
 but then of time shall misse.

Mans life by time, try it who shall,
 shall find his time no time to trust :
 Some time to rise, some time to fall,
 till life of man be brought to dust.

WISE SENTENCES.

Two things doth prolong thy lyfe :

A quiet heart, and a loving wife.

The scarlet cloth doth make the bull to feare ;

The cullour white the Ollivant doth shunne :

The crowing cocke the lion quakes to heare ;

The smoake of cloth doth make the stag to runne.

All which do shew, we no man should despise,

But thinke how harme the simplest may devise.

THIS SENTENCE MAY BE SET IN A BED-CHAMBER.

Why flyest thou hence, thou glory bright,

that men with fame doth crowne?—

Because I loath the place, where follies men

do sleepe on beds of downe:

And where as filthy lust doth dwell

with foule excesse,

There is no place, that is no house

for glory to possesse.

A word once spoke, it can returne no more,

But flieth away and oft thy bayle doth breed.

A wise man, then, sets hatch before the dore,

And, whilst he may, doth square his speech with heed.

The bird in hand we may at will restraine,

But being flowne, we call her backe in vaine.



THESE SENTENCES FOLLOWING WERE SET UPON CONDUITS IN
LONDON, AGAINST THE DAY THAT KING JAMES CAME THROUGH
THE CITIE, AT HIS FIRST COMMING TO THE CROWNE.

UPON THE CONDUIT IN GRATEOUS STREET WERE
THESE VERSES.

KINGDOMS change, worlds decay,
But trueth continewes till the last day.

Let money be a slave to thee,
Yet keepe his service, if you can :
For if thy purse no money have,
Thy person is but halfe a man.

IN CORNEWELL.

To be wise, and wealthy too,
Is sought of all, but found of few.

All on this worlds Exchange do meete,
But when deaths Burse-bell rings, away ye fleete.

When a kinges head but akes
Subjectes should mourne,
For under their crownes
A thousand cares are worne.

Bread earned with honest laboring hands,
Tastes better then the fruite of ill got lands.

Hee that wants bread, and yet lyes still,
It's sinne his hungry cheekes to fill.

As man was first framed and made out of clay,
So must he at length depart hence away.

A man without mercy of mercy shall misse,
And he shall have mercy that mercifull is.

IN CHEAP-SIDE.

Life is a drop, a sparke, a span,
A bubble; yet how proude is man.

Life is a debt, which at that day
The poorest hath enough to pay.

This worlds a stage, whereon to day
Kings and meane-men parts do play.

To morrow others take their roomes,
While they do fill up graves and toomes.

Learning lives, and vertue shines,
When follie begs, and ignorance pines.

To live well is happinesse;
To die well is blessednesse.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 3. *The Table.*] It will be seen that this “Table” only relates to the earlier portions of the volume. It is printed precisely as it stands in the original, but some of the “cantos” are misnumbered, and the work seems to have been got up without much attention to the Table.

P. 5. “Kentish long-tails” are often referred to in old writers. See the commencement of the “Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow,” where the custom is attempted to be both historically and jocosely accounted for.

P. 9, l. 4. *Did they of Duke William gaine.*] The pronoun “they” is redundant in this line, but we have printed it as it is given in the original edition.

P. 13. This ballad, according to the Table, and the regular succession of the cantos, ought to be numbered II instead of III: otherwise there is no Cant. II.

P. 17. A play on the same subject as this ballad was written by Thomas Drew, or Drue, early in the reign of James I; and it was printed in 1631, under the title of “The Duchess of Suffolk, her Life.” The incidents are nearly the same in the ballad and the play, and both were founded upon the narrative of Fox, anno 1558. The popularity of the ballad probably led Drew to adopt the subject.

P. 24. This ballad, and the history of the period to which it relates, also furnished the subject of a historical play, under the title of "Look about you." It was acted by Henslowe and Alleyn's company, and was printed in 1600. It is a good play, and it will form one of the series to be reprinted by the Percy Society.

P. 28. This ballad has no number; but, following the number of that which precedes it, it ought to be marked IV. They are connected in subject.

P. 31. This ballad on the death of King John is interposed here between others which relate to events of about the same period, though none of them seem arranged with any precise regard to chronology.

P. 34. This ballad, and two others by which it is followed, are upon events included in Christopher Marlowe's celebrated and powerful tragedy of "Edward the Second," which must have been written before 1593, as its author was killed in that year. It was first printed in 1598.

P. 38. *They sent him word that he should die.*] Alluding to the letter containing these words: *Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est*, which conveys an opposite meaning according as a comma is placed after *nolite* or *timere*. Sir John Harington, in B. I. Epigr. 33 of his Epigrams, has one "Of writing with double pointing," in the introduction to which he quotes the Bishop of Hereford's letter, referred to in the ballad. Marlowe, near the close of his tragedy, makes Mortimer jun. say that this letter was written by "a friend," but he does not impute it to the Bishop of Hereford.

P. 46. This ballad was probably written (of course not by Deloney, who was then dead) after James I came to the throne, and after a ballad had been published, which was sung to a tune

invented at the time, and known by the name of "The King's going to the Parliament." Unless we suppose James I to be intended, it would carry the composition of the tune to the time of Edward VI, and, in that case, the ballad might be older than the date we have given to it.

P. 49. This also is a dramatic, as well as a historical, ballad. A play, called "Jack Straw's Life and Death," was printed in 1593, and again in 1604. It is a mere fragment of a drama, and only in four acts.

P. 52. The revolt, in which Lord Audley, Flamocke, and Joseph were concerned, occurred in the year 1497, according to Stow, to whose authority the author of this "Speech" resorted, and whose words he has in more than one place employed.

P. 54. The popular ballad of "Fair Rosamond" may be found in various collections; but Bishop Percy printed it "with conjectural emendations," from "four ancient copies in black letter," observing however that it was "first published" in 1612: therefore, the four black letter copies he employed were of a more recent date.

P. 63. It may be conjectured (as stated in the Introduction), that the remainder of this volume was made up of short pieces by various authors, whose initials are sometimes given, and that they were not the writing of Deloney.

P. 64. The initials T.R. may be assigned to Thomas Richardson, student in Cambridge, in 1584, who wrote "A proper new Song," to the tune of "I wish to see those happy daies," in the "Handefull of Pleasant Delites," printed in that year.

P. 65, l. 10. *And then began the greater drone.*] There is probably some misprint in this line, the correction of which must be left to the ingenuity of the reader, as no other copy of this "Maydes Letter" is known.

P. 66. The initials A. C. will apply to Anthony Chute, or Anthony Copley, both writers of verse prior to the death of Queen Elizabeth. Chute was dead in 1596, but nevertheless this "Maydes Letter" is more in his style than that of Copley, who survived him.

P. 66, l. 18. For "adorned" we ought probably to read *adored*.

P. 66, l. 19. The original reads "*With* without this money," &c. but "with" is clearly surplusage.

P. 67, l. 12. "Goe by Jeronimo" became a proverbial phrase, and is used and ridiculed by Shakespeare, and many writers subsequent to the publication of Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," where it is first found. It occurs in Act IV. (See Dodsley's Old Plays, III. 163, last edit.)

P. 69. An Epigram, subscribed "R," is here omitted, on account of its coarseness, as well as some stanzas, beginning "My mistris loves no woodcocks," for a similar reason.

P. 71, The title to these "Sentences" fixes the date of them very exactly, and shows that "Strange Histories", in the present shape of the work, and, supposing our edition of 1607 to be only a reimpression of a preceding edition with the same contents, was not published until after James I ascended the throne.

P. 71, l. 12. "In Cornewell" of course means Cornhill, where stood the Royal Exchange from the earliest date of its construction.

P. 71, l. 16. *But when deaths Burse-bell rings, away ye fleete.*] It need scarcely be mentioned that the Royal Exchange was also called the Burse.

The Percy Society

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, SONGS,
PLAYS, MINOR PIECES OF POETRY,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

AT a General Meeting of the PERCY SOCIETY, held at
the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, No. 4,
St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, on Saturday, the
1st of May 1841,

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.

In the Chair,

The Chairman having opened the business of the day,
and the Laws having been read and confirmed,

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated
the 1st of May, whereupon it was

Resolved, That the said Report be received, and printed
for the use of the Members.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 30th of April,
was then read by THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S. *Treas.* S.A.
whereupon it was

Resolved, That the said Report be received, and printed
for the use of the Members.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of a Council for the year next ensuing; and the Secretary having read a proposal that

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.
 WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.
 J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq. F.S.A.
 WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. F.S.A.
 (*Treasurer*)
 JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.
 T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F.S.A.,
 M.R.I.A.
 JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq.
 F.R.S., F.S.A.

Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE
 G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.
 WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq. F.S.A.,
 M.R.S.L.
 CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.
 T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq. F.R.S.
 EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, Esq.
 (*Secretary*)
 JAMES WALSH, Esq.
 THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq.

be elected the Council of the Society for the second year,

It was resolved, That the above-named gentlemen be the Council of the PERCY SOCIETY from the 1st of May 1841, to the 1st of May 1842.

The Secretary then read a proposal that

SEPTIMUS BURTON, Esq.
 C. PURTON COOPER, Esq. Q.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A.
 The REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,

be elected Auditors of the Society for the second year, whereupon

It was resolved, That the said gentlemen be elected Auditors of the PERCY SOCIETY for the year then ensuing.

Thanks were voted to the Council, to the Editors of the Society's Publications, to the Auditors, to the Treasurer, to the Secretary, to the Chairman, and to the Royal Society of Literature for the liberal manner in which they granted the use of their Rooms for the General Meeting of the Society.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

COUNCIL OF THE PERCY SOCIETY.

May 1, 1841.

AT the close of their first year of office, the Council of the Percy Society feel great satisfaction in directing the attention of the members to the progressive prosperity of its affairs. During the nine months which have transpired since the present Council entered upon its labours, they have been enabled to supply the members with a new work every month; and, notwithstanding the extraordinary expenses incident to the first year, this has been accomplished with less than two-thirds of the annual income.

As the number of members, limited by the laws of the Society to five hundred, is rapidly filling, there appears to be no doubt that the Council will be able not only to continue the monthly issue of their publications throughout the year, but also considerably to increase the average size of the volumes. The number of books which are thus issued in the course of a year, render it impossible for the Council to take upon itself the expenses of delivery. The books may be had, as hitherto, on application at Mr. Richards' Printing Office, No. 100, St. Martin's Lane; but, instead of the printed forms hitherto used, it has been resolved

that the book of each month shall be given on the production of a written order by the member applying. Measures have also been taken to insure the regularity of publication on the first day of every month.

The interests of the Society have been much forwarded by the exertions of the following gentlemen, who have kindly volunteered their services as Local Secretaries in different parts of the kingdom.

JAMES MAIDMENT, ESQ. <i>Edinbro'.</i>	H. G. ADAMS, ESQ. <i>Chatham.</i>
JOHN KERR, ESQ. <i>Glasgow.</i>	JOHN MATHEW GUTCH, ESQ. <i>Wor-</i>
REV. J. R. WREFORD, <i>Bristol.</i>	<i>cester.</i>
M. DECK, ESQ. <i>Cambridge.</i>	HENRY S. STOKES, ESQ. <i>Truro.</i>

The publications of the Society during the first year have been :—

1. A Collection of Old Ballads anterior to the reign of Charles I, by John Skelton, Stephen Peel, Churchyard, Tarlton, Elderton, Deloney, &c. &c. Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.

2. "A search for Money; or the lamentable Complaint for the losse of the wandring Knight Mounsieur l'Argent; or Come along with me, I know thou lovest Money, &c. By William Rowley. Imprinted at London for Joseph Hunt, &c. 1609." Reprinted from the only extant copy.

3. "The Payne and Sorowe of evyll Maryage." From a copy believed to be unique, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; with an Introduction regarding other works of the same class, and from the same press.

4. A Selection from the Miscellaneous Poems of John Lydgate. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. and English Correspondent of the Royal Historical Commission of France.

5. "The King and a Poore Northerne Man. Shewing how a poore Northumberland man, &c. went to the King himself to make known his grievances. Full of simple mirth and merry plaine jests." By Martin Parker. Printed at London by Tho. Coates, 1640.

6. The Revolution of 1688, illustrated by the popular Ballads of the period. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A. M.R.I.A.

7. Songs of the London Prentices and Trades, during the Reigns of Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and James I. Edited by Charles Mackay, Esq.

8. A Collection of early Ballads relating to Naval Affairs. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S.

9. Robin Good-fellow; his Mad Pranks, and Merry Jests. Full of honest Mirth, and is a fit Medicine for Melancholy. London, printed for F. Grove. 1628.

The following works, for publication during the ensuing year, are ordered for press, and some are in an advanced state of preparation :

1. "Strange Histories or Songes and Sonets of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lordes, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen. Very pleasant either to be read or songe," &c. By Thomas Deloney. Imprinted at London for W. Barley, &c. 1607.

2. Political Ballads of the age of Cromwell, collected and edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.

3. "The Pleasant History of the two angry Women of Abington. With the humorous mirth of Dicke Coomes and Nicholas Proverbs, two Servingmen. As it was lately playde by the Lord High Admirall his servants." Written by Henry Porter. 1599. The first of a series of old plays, to be edited by the Rev. A. Dyce.

4. A Collection of Old English Ballads, from the Reign of Henry VI to that of Edward VI. To be edited by William Chappell, Esq. F.S.A.

5. "Vinegar and Mustard, or Worm-wood Lectures for every Day in the Week. Being exercised and delivered in several Parishes both of Town and City, on several dayes, &c. Taken verbatim in short writing by J. W." Reprinted from the edition of 1673.

6. The French Invasions of Ireland, illustrated by popular Songs, in three Parts, with an Introduction. To be edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A. M.R.I.A.

7. "Pleasant Quippes for Upstart newfangled Gentlewomen, 1596." A satirical and humorous production in verse by Stephen Gosson, printed from a copy presented by the author to a contemporary.

8. The "Boke of Curtasye;" an English Poem illustrative of the Domestic Manners of our forefathers. To be edited, from a MS. of the fifteenth century in the British Museum, by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., Hon. M.R.I.A., F.S.A., &c.

9. "Kind-Harts Dream. Containing five Apparitions, with their Invectives against abuses raigning. Delivered by severall Ghosts unto him to be publisht, after Piers Penilesse Post had refused the carriage." Printed without date in 1592.

In addition to these, the following works have been suggested for publication, and the Council look forward to the zealous co-operation of the members of the Society to enable them to add other works of general interest to the list.

1. Crawford's Poems, transcribed from the Tea-table Miscellany of Allan Ramsay, with an Introduction and Notes by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

2. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572: from the Originals. Printed by Robert Lekpreuik; preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London.

3. Songs and Poems by known and unknown Authors, to be found in Musical Miscellanies published during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

4. The Pleasant and sweet History of Patient Grissell. Shewing how she, from a poore man's Daughter, came to be a great Lady in France, being a patterne to all vertuous Women, &c. London, printed by E. P. for John Wright, &c. No date. In prose and verse.

5. "A most pleasant and merie new Comedie, intituled a Knack to knowe a Knave. Newlie set foorth, as it hath sundrie tymes bene played by Ed. Allen and his companie. With Kemp's applauded Merrimentes of the Men of Goteham in receiving the King into Goteham, 1594."

6. A Selection of Stories, Anecdotes, and Jokes, from various Jest Books printed prior to the end of the reign of Charles I; with an account of the origin of many of them, and of the manner in which they are to be traced through several European languages.

7. The Batcheler's Banquet, or a Banquet for Batchelers. Wherein is prepared sundry dainty dishes, &c. Pleasantly discoursing the variable humours of Women, &c. By Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by T. C. &c. 1603.

8. Latin Stories written in England during the 13th and 14th Centuries, illustrative of the History of Fiction. Edited from the original MSS. with translations by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.

9. A Collection of Lyrical Pieces contained in Old Plays of a date prior to the suppression of Theatrical Representations in 1647. To be edited by Edward F. Rimbault, Esq.

10. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

11. "A Marriage Triumphe. Solemnized in an Epithalamium in memorie of the happie Nuptials betwixt the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth. Written by Thomas Heywood. London. Printed for Edward Marchant, &c. 1613." With an introduction, giving an account of other poems by different authors on the same event.

12. A Collection of Christmas Carols, from the 12th to the 15th Century. To be edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

13. The Nursery Rhymes of England, arranged in Classes, with an Historical Introduction. To be edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq.

14. Grange's "Garden of Golden Aphroditis." To be reprinted from the edition of 1577.

15. Ballads and Songs illustrative of the Fairy Mythology of England. To be edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

16. A Collection of Good-nights, or Highwaymen's Farewells. To be edited by Charles Mackay, Esq.

17. The Robin Hood Ballads; a new and more complete Edition, with an Introductory Essay.

18. A Collection of Ballads relating to May-day and May-games.

The Society have to regret, during the first year, the loss of two members by death,—John Miller, Esq. M.D. Edinburgh, and Thomas Hill, Esq. London.

The Council of the first year, in resigning their functions, think it right to state that they feel great satisfaction with their printer, Mr. Richards, to whom the Society is also indebted for the loan of the room in which the Council hold their meetings.

Signed by order of the Council,

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, *Chairman.*

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, *Secretary.*

The Percy Society.

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS,

Dated 30th April 1841.

WE the Auditors appointed by the Council of the PERCY SOCIETY, to examine the Accounts of the Treasurer, from the institution of the Society to the 30th of April 1841, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited his Accounts to us, and that we have examined the same, together with his Receipts and other vouchers, and that we find the same to be correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society during the period to which we have referred.

RECEIPTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Annual Subscriptions due on the 1st of			
May 1840 . . .	244	0	0
Compositions from Four Members .	40	0	0
Annual Subscriptions due on the 1st of			
May 1841 . . .	14	0	0
Total Receipts .	£298	0	0

EXPENDITURE.

	£.	s.	d.
To Mr. Richards for Printing .	183	15	0
Messrs. Fuller & Thornhill for Paper 69	7	6	
Transcripts . . .	17	10	8
Binding . . .	9	15	4
Petty Cash Expenses . .	14	6	0
Balance in the Treasurer's hands .	3	5	6
	£298	0	0

WE also certify that the Treasurer has reported to us, that about the sum of £16. part of the several sums paid for paper and transcripts has been paid on account of the expenses of the second year.

And also, that there remains outstanding in the hands of Local Secretaries, of whose accounts only two have yet been received, and in Subscriptions of Members who have not yet paid for the first year, the sum of £60, which last sum is expected to be shortly received.

THOMAS AMYOT.

JOHN BRUCE.

E. R. MORAN.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

Dated the 30th April, 1841.

The Percy Society

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, SONGS,
PLAYS, MINOR PIECES OF POETRY,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

Council, 1841-2.

President.

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.

WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.

J. A. CAHUSAC, Esq. F.S.A.

WILLIAM CHAPPELL, Esq. F.S.A. *Treasurer*

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.

T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.I.A.

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, F.S.A.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

CHARLES MACKAY, Esq.

T. J. PETTIGREW, Esq. F.R.S.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, Esq., *Secretary*

JAMES WALSH, Esq.

THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A.

The Society is limited to Five Hundred Members.

Persons wishing to become Members, are requested to send their names to the SECRETARY, 9, Denmark Street, Soho Square, London.

Subscriptions received at Mr. Richards' Printing Office, 100, St. Martin's Lane.

BANKERS. The London and Westminster Bank, No. 155, Oxford Street.

Laws of the Percy Society.

1. That the Society be called "The Percy Society."
2. That the Publications of the Society shall consist of Ancient Ballads, Songs, Plays, minor pieces of Poetry, and Popular Literature, or works illustrative of the above-mentioned subjects.
3. The Society shall consist of Members being Subscribers of *One Pound* annually, such Subscription to be paid in advance, on or before the day of General Meeting in each year, The General Meeting to be held on the 1st of May, in every year, unless it should fall on a Sunday, when some other day is to be named by the Council.
4. That the affairs of the Society be conducted by a Council consisting of fifteen Members, including a Treasurer and Secretary, all of whom shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting of the Society.
5. That any Member may compound for his future Subscriptions by the payment of *Ten Pounds* over and above his Subscription for the current year.
6. That the Accompts of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society be audited annually by three Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting; and, in case of any of these three Auditors being unable to act, his place is to be supplied by a Member of the Society, to be elected by the Council.
7. That any Member who shall be one year in arrear of his subscription, shall no longer be considered as belonging to the Society.
7. That every Member, not in arrear of his Annual Subscription, be entitled to a copy of each of the works published by the Society.

Members' Names.

Those Members to whose Names (c.) is prefixed have compounded for their Annual Subscriptions.

The Members whose Names are printed in Capitals are on the Council of the present Year.

Adams, H. G. Esq. Chatham, <i>Local Sec.</i>	Caldecott, Captain
Adolphus, J. Esq. F.S.A.	Caldwell, Davis, Esq.
Advocates' Library, Edinburgh	Carmichael, Arch. Esq. M.A. Edinburgh
AMYOT, T. Esq. F.R.S. Treas. S.A.	Chadwick, Elias, Esq. Swinton, near Manchester
Aspland, A. S. Esq.	Chapman, T. Esq.
Aspland, Rev. R. Brook	Chapman, W. Esq.
Atkinson, Henry, Esq. Manchester	(c.) CHAPPELL, WILLIAM, Esq. F.S.A.
Aubyn, Rev. R. H.	<i>Treasurer</i>
Aungier, G. J. Esq.	Chappell, J. C. Esq.
Ayrton, W. Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.	Chappell, T. P. Esq.
	Chater, George, Esq.
Bagot, the Hon. Alfred	Christy, Alexander, Esq.
Bartlett, J. Esq.	Clare, Edward, Esq.
Barton, Thomas P. Esq.	Clark, C. Esq.
Beasant, John J. Esq.	Clements, J. Esq. Oriel College, Oxford
Bell, F. J. Esq.	Cobbin, J. I. Esq.
Benecke, R. Esq.	COLLIER, J. PAYNE, Esq. F.S.A.
Bentley, Richard, Esq.	Collier, J. Pycroft, Esq.
Bentley, Rev. John Charles	Coombes, Thomas, Esq.
Berridge, Samuel, Esq. Leicester	Cooper, Charles Purton, Esq. Q.C., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A.
Betham, Sir William, Ulster King-at-Arms, <i>For. Sec. R.I.A., F.S.A., Dublin, Local Secretary</i>	Cooper, W. Durrant, Esq. F.S.A.
Bevan, Edward, Esq.	Corner, G. R. Esq. F.S.A.
Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris	Corney, Bolton, Esq.
Black, John, Esq.	Corser, Rev. Thomas
BLACK, WILLIAM HENRY, Esq.	Coventry, A. Esq.
Black, William, Esq.	CROKER, T. CROFTON, Esq. F.S.A., M.R.I.A.
Blood, Bindon, Esq. F.R.S.E., F.S.A. Scot., M.R.I.A. Edinburgh	Croomes, John, Esq.
Bompas, Charles S. Esq.	Crossely, James, Esq.
(c.) Botfield Beriah, Esq. M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., M.P.	Cunningham, George, Esq. Glasgow
BRAYBROOKE, THE RIGHT HON. LORD, <i>President</i>	Cunningham, Peter, Esq.
Bright, Benjamin Heywood, Esq.	Currer, Miss Richardson, Asheton Hall
Brown, W. M. Esq.	Curzon, The Hon. Edward Cecil
Bruce, John, Esq. F.S.A.	
Bremridge, J. Esq.	Dalzell, Sir John Graham, Edinburgh
Brown, William, Esq. Aberdeen	Daniel, George, Esq.
Buchanan, Walter, Esq.	Davies, Thomas Stevens, Esq. F.R.S., L. & E., F.S.A., R.M.A. Woolwich.
Burn, James, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh	Dawson, T. C. Esq.
Burton, Septimus, Esq. Chiswick Grove	Deane, Rev. John Bathurst, M.A. F.S.A.
	Deck, N. Esq. Cambridge, <i>Local Sec.</i>
CAHUSAC, J. A. Esq. F.S.A.	Dent, J. Esq. Worcester
	Dike, C. W. Esq. L.L.B.

Disney, John, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.
 Dixon, J. H. Esq.
 Dixon, R. W. Esq.
 Dodd, George, Esq. F.S.A.
 Dolman, Mr.
 Dovaston, J. F. M. Esq. A.M.
 Driffield, Rev. G. Townsend, B.A. Oxford
 Dudgeon, George, Esq.
 Duncan, James, Esq.
 Duncan, Richard, Esq. Glasgow
 Duncan, William J. Esq. Glasgow
 Dunkins, — jun. Esq. Dartford
 Dunn, J. Esq. Paisley
 Duyckinck, Evert A. Esq. New York
 DYCE, REV. ALEXANDER
 Dyke, Rev. Henry

Edgeworth, William, Esq. Wrexham
 Elderton, C. Merrick, Esq.
 Ellis, Barrow Helbert, Esq.
 Exton, Rev. R. B.
 Eyton, Joseph W. King, Esq.

Fairholt, Frederick W. Esq.
 Fitch, William Stevenson, Esq. Ipswich
 Fitch, Robert. Esq. F.G.S. Norwich
 Fleming, Rev. William, D.D. Professor
 of Moral Philosophy at the University
 of Glasgow
 Fletcher, Thomas W. Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.
 Ford, Henry, Esq. Manchester
 Forett, David, Esq.
 Forster, W. E. Esq. Bradford, Yorkshire
 Francis, Charles Larkin, Esq.
 Fraser, Thomas, Esq.
 Frend, Henry Tyrwhitt, Esq.
 Frewin, Thomas, Esq.
 Fripp, Charles Bowles, Esq. Bristol

Gaskin, Rev. John, Kingswood, near
 Bristol
 Getty, Edmund, Esq.
 Glen, J. P. Esq. Radnorshire
 Goldsmid, Isaac L. Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.
 Goodall, Edward, Esq. Coventry
 Gooding, John, Esq. Southwold
 Gowen, J. R. Esq.
 Gracie, J. B. Esq. F.S.A. Edinburgh
 Greenwell, William, Esq.
 Gregory, R. Esq. Oxford
 Gutch, John Mathew, Esq. F.S.A. Wor-
 cester, *Local Secretary.*

Haggard, W. D. Esq. F.S.A., F.R.A.S.
 M.N.S.

HALLIWELL, JAMES ORCHARD, Esquire,
 F.R.S., F.R.A.S., M.R.S.L., M.R.S.N.A.
 F.S.A.L. & E., &c.

HALLIWELL, RICHARD, Esq. F.S.A.

Hannah, John, Esq. B.A. Oxford

Harding, Joseph, Esq.

Hardy, A. William, Esq.

Harness, Rev. William, M.A.

Harrison, W. F. Esq.

Heath, J. B. Esq. F.S.A.

Heseltine, Samuel R. Esq.

Hewett, J. Esq. Leamington

Hiles, J. Esq. Shrewsbury

Hill, Henry, Esq.

Hogarth, George, Esq.

Hollond, Robert, Esq. M.P.

Holme, Edward, Esq. M.D.

Hopper, A. M. Esq.

How, Jeremiah, Esq.

Hunter, Rev. Joseph, F.S.A.

Ingraham, Edward D. Esq.

Irving, David, LL.D. Edinburgh

Islington Literary & Scientific Institution

Jackson, Rev. S. M. A. Ipswich

Jackson, Henry, Esq. Sheffield

Jacob, B. Esq. Dorchester

JAMES, G. P. R. Esq.

JERDAN, WM., Esq. F.S.A., M.R.S.L.

Jermyn, James, Esq.

Johns, Richard, Esq. Lieut. R.M.

Kerr, John, Esq. Glasgow, *Local Sec.*

Kerr, Robert M. Esq. Glasgow

Kidsten, Robert, Esq. Glasgow

King, R. J. Esq. Exeter College, Oxford

Klingemann, C. Esq.

Knight, William, Esq. F.S.A.

Laing, David, Esq. F.S.A. L. & Sc.

(c.) Lappenberg, Dr. J. M. Hamburg

Law, W. Esq.

Leatham, W. H. Esq.

Lever, Charles, Esq.

Lilly, J. Esq.

Lloyd, George, Esq.

Logan, W. H. Esq. Edinburgh

London, City of, Literary and Scientific
Institution

London Institution

London Library, The

Lover, Samuel, Esq.

(c.) Lucas, — Esq. Stirling

Ludlow, Ebenezer, Esq. M.A., Serjeant-
at-law.

M'Gregor, Alexander, Esq. Glasgow

MACKAY, CHARLES, Esq.

Mackenzie, John Whitefoord, Esq. Edin.

Macknight, James, Esq. Edinburgh

Maconochie, James Allan, Esq. Edinb.

Macauley, Colin Campbell, Esq.

Madden, Sir Fred. K.H., F.R.S., F.S.A.,
Keeper of the Manuscripts in the Bri-
tish Museum, &c. &c.

Mahon, William Mac, Esq.

Maidment, James, Esq. Edinburgh, *Lo-
cal Secretary*

Major, C. J. Esq.

Martin, Rev. Robert, B.A. Anstey Pas-
tures, Leicester

Manchee, T. I. Esq. Bristol

Manly, W. Esq.

Maude, Hartwell I. Esq.

Maude, Thomas, Esq.

Mewburn, Francis, Esq.

Miland, John, Esq.

Mitchison, H. Esq.

Mitford, Rev. John

Moginie, N. C. Esq.

Moran, E. Raleigh, Esq.

Morrison, Rev. A.

Morton, Rev. James, B.D. Prebendary of
Lincoln, Holbeach

Muggeridge, Nathaniel, Esq.

Murch, Rev. Jerome

Muskett, Charles, Esq. Norwich, *Local
Secretary*

Nichols, John Gough, Esq. F.S.A.

Nicholson, Alexander, Esq. F.S.A.

London and Scotland, Ufford, Suffolk

Nott, Rev. G. F. F.S.A., D.D. Winchester

Oliphant, Thomas, Esq.

Oldershaw, R. Esq.

Ottley, Henry, Esq.

Ouvry, Frederic, Esq.

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THE JURY
The jury found the defendant guilty of the crime charged in the indictment and recommended that the sentence be death.

INTRODUCTION.

OF the various poetical effusions on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with Elizabeth, daughter of James I, on the 14th February 1613, the following is perhaps the rarest: it is, we believe, only to be traced in one sale-catalogue, that of the library of the late Mr. Bindley, and very few copies of it are in existence.

Prince Henry died on the 6th November 1612, an event which filled the nation with grief, and many were the elegies poured forth on that occasion. He had been an especial patron of poets and literary men generally, some of whom were his annual pensioners. Mr. Peter Cunningham, in the Introduction to his highly interesting volume just issued by the Shakespeare Society, "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," has shown for the first time, that Drayton and Sylvester received yearly stipends from Prince Henry, and that he was liberal in his rewards to Owen, Coryat, Cotgrave, &c. It is not therefore to be wondered that the poets of

his day gave vent to their regret in verse. One of these was Thomas Heywood, and in the ensuing production, of a very different kind, he alludes to the "Funeral Elegy" he had not long before printed.

The interval between the death of Prince Henry and the marriage of his sister, was only three months and eight days, and the court of James I then presented a singular contrast: nothing but rejoicings and triumphs were to be heard, and all classes seemed to join in an endeavour to celebrate the nuptials of the Prince Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth with peculiar splendour and festivity. The poets who in November had employed their pens in mourning the dead prince, in February stretched their fancies to testify their delight at the union of the living princess. Thomas Heywood was among the most popular and applauded writers of the time.

It is not our purpose here to attempt anything like a biographical account of him, but we may mention a few leading points of his history. Whether he were any relation to old John Heywood, the dramatist in the reign of Henry VIII, who did not die until some time after Elizabeth came to the throne, we have no means of determining; but they spelt their names in the same way, and they were engaged in the same species

of literature. John Heywood had three sons, and it is very possible that Thomas Heywood, the writer of the ensuing poem, was the offspring of one of them. He was born in Lincolnshire, and it seems certain that he received a classical education, and afterwards went to Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Peter House: all his works denote a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Latin writers, especially with the latter, and as his industry was amazing later in life, we may presume that in his youth he was not deficient in zeal for the acquisition of knowledge.

We first hear of him in the year 1596, in an entry in Henslowe's Diary, from which it appears that the old manager lent the company, called the Lord Admiral's servants, thirty shillings to enable them to buy a play by Heywood. At this date he had probably quitted the university, after obtaining his fellowship, and had directed his attention to the stage and its poetry, as a means of support. In this course he but followed the example of his immediate predecessors, Gosson, Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Lodge, and various others. The next ascertained date in connexion with Heywood's life, is 25th of March 1598, when he became a hired player in the association of actors, of which Henslowe was at the head.

From this date to the suppression of the theatres in 1642, Heywood seems to have continued a writer for, and an actor upon the stage in various companies, but of his merits in the latter capacity we have no record. Prior to the year 1633, when his "English Traveller" came from the press, he had written, or importantly contributed to, no fewer than two hundred and twenty dramatic performances. We do not find that he was ever a writer for the company to which Shakespeare belonged: before the accession of James I he was one of the Lord Admiral's Players: then, he became one of the theatrical retainers of the Earls of Southampton and Worcester, and was transferred by the latter nobleman to Queen Anne, and continued one of her actors until her death. In the capacity of a dramatic servant he formed part of her funeral procession.

When he quitted the stage we have no information—probably after the death of Queen Anne, for we do not meet with his name in any enumeration of the members of companies subsequent to 1619. Whether he left a family behind him is uncertain, but if the Thomas Heywood mentioned by Mr. P. Cunningham ("Revels Accounts," Introduction, p. xx), as "late a child of the chapel, whose voice was changed" in 1673, were any relation, he was probably grandson to the

Thomas Heywood who wrote the subsequent poem. On the same authority (p. 204), we have to add another to the list of his dramatic productions, for on the Sunday before New Year's day, 1605, "A play, How to learn a Woman to woo," by Heywood, as is recorded in the account, was performed before King James at Whitehall.

This is one of the many lost dramas by Heywood; for of the two hundred and twenty plays which he wrote, or assisted in writing, only twenty-three have come down to our day. Of these, one of the best is the historical play of "King Edward the Fourth," which is in two parts, and is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, from the extremely rare edition of 1600.

He seems to have maintained himself by his pen till very late in life, and he produced many valuable works besides such as were designed for the stage. One of the most interesting of these is an elaborate defence of his own profession, under the title of "An Apology for Actors," which was published in 1612, and of which a reprint has lately been made. Heywood's latest known work with a date, seems to be "The Life of Ambrosius Merlin," which came out in 1641, 4to. He was probably not dead in 1648, as he is spoken of as living when the "Satire against Separatists" was printed in that year.

Among his lost works we have reason to regret his collections for the biography of all the poets of his time : he was obtaining and arranging his materials between the years 1614 and 1635, after which date we hear no more of the manuscript. In all probability it has perished with many other "monuments of vanished minds."

Deloney, Thomas, 1543-1600

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